

## THE OLD SLATE.

I came upon it yesterday up in the garret old,  
A homely object, yet to me 'tis worth its weight in gold;  
Its frame a little set awry, its body cracked, you see,  
But as I held it in my hands what scenes came back to me!

Upon its surface long ago I solved the problems drear  
For masters who are sleeping now beneath the flowers dead;  
And many a message here I wrote for only one to see—  
The little lass who used to sit across the aisle from me.

I found initials in the frame by Jack-knife lettered there,  
They stand for one who was to me the fairest of the fair;  
And every mark upon the slate that cruel time has spared  
Recalls some lesson which in youth that fairest lassie shared.

Ah, here's the crack which long ago was made by Jerry Call  
When to the floor my precious slate he purposely let fall!  
We did not speak for near a week; his mischief caused me pain,  
But when he drew me from the creek we friends became again.

How often o'er this ancient slate with many a scar and nick,  
I wrestled with the myst'ries of the old arithmetic;  
How proud I used to hold it up whenever I was right,  
But when I failed how glad was I to keep it out of sight!

What victories from my "Webster" on this old, old slate I won;  
What little rhymes I used to write when other toils were done;  
How in my seat behind the stove the muse I tried to woo,  
And glibly wrote of "roses red" and violets soft and blue!"

I seem to see those little rhymes upon its surface now;  
I seem to catch some cherished names brought off with boyish vow;  
And 'round me from the misty past where recollections meet.  
I hear the merry patter of a score of youthful feet.

I see the stern old masters, kind for all their stately ways;  
They brightened though sometimes they clouded o'er my boyhood days;  
And, grateful, I would weave a wreath and place it where they lie  
With folded hands to-day, beneath the gentle, starlit sky.

I hear the merry laughter of the girls we used to swing  
Beneath the hawthorn bush that cast its shadow o'er the spring;  
But from among them all there comes from out the far away  
A sweet and loving face upon the olden slate to-day.

The pencil of my memory brings out every graceful line,  
Until there stands before my gaze a figure half divine;  
And neither sponge nor moistened hand, with mischief all elate,  
Can rub a single lineament from off my treasured slate.

The spiders shall not spin again their slimy silver thrall  
Across the old slate resting long against the garret's wall;  
I'll set it in the sunshine like a queen in vestments fine,  
For it whispers of a boyhood which to-day seems half divine.

—T. C. Harbaugh, in Ohio Farmer.

## THOSE MCCARTHY BOYS.

BY GEORGE ADE.

Mrs. Skinner's brother James was late at dinner time. The others were at the table when he came. His sister rebuked him mildly and said it wasn't her fault if the soup was cold. He replied with great enthusiasm that the soup was "just right," and, to prove that he meant it, he consumed his entire portion. Then he leaned back and looked inquiringly at his nephew Willie, who had been scolded twice already for whistling at the table.

Uncle Jim winked and little Willie began to snicker.

Willie—I did.

Uncle Jim—Did you?

Willie—Yes; and you ought to have heard Ed McCarthy laugh.

Uncle Jim—What did the teacher do?

Willie—Oh, he didn't do much. It made her kind o' mad, I guess. She said: "I'll declare, Willie Skinner, you're one of the worst boys in the school."

Mrs. Skinner—What's this all about?

Willie—Aw, it ain't much. Uncle Jim taught me to speak a piece that he used to speak when he was a kid.

Mrs. Skinner—When he was a boy.

Uncle Jim—It's a good piece, isn't it, Bill?

Mrs. Skinner—James, it sounds awful to call a little boy by such a name as that. What was it you spoke, Willie?

Willie—Aw, it was just a piece.

Uncle Jim—You must remember it. It's about the captain's daughter. "We were crowded in the cabin," and so on.

Mrs. Skinner—Yes, of course. Did you teach it to Willie?

Uncle Jim—You ought to hear him. Go on and speak it for them, Bill.

Willie—Aw, I don't want to now.

Uncle Jim—Go on. I'll bet your father wants to hear it; don't you, Tom?

Mr. Skinner (taking a sudden interest)—Yes, of course. What is it?

Uncle Jim—I knew he wanted to hear it. Your mother will like it, too.

Ethel—I guess he's forgotten it.

Willie—Aw, forget it! I know it easy. It's just:

"We were crowded in the cabin,  
Not a soul had dared to sleep;  
It was midnight on the waters  
And the storm was on the deep.

"'Tis a fearful thing in winter  
To be shattered by the blast  
And to hear the rattling trumpet thunder:  
'Cut away the mast!'

"And as thus we sat in silence,  
Each one busy with his prayer,  
'We are lost!' the captain shouted,  
As he staggered down the stair.

"But his little daughter jolled him,  
As she took his icy mitt.  
'Ain't you afraid?' the captain cried,  
And she bodily answered: 'Nit!'

"So we—"

Mrs. Skinner—Willie Skinner! Stop that this minute! Well, Thomas, I think that you, at least, ought not to laugh at anything of that kind. He's bad enough without being encouraged. (To Willie) Did you get up in school to-day and recite that piece?

Willie (half-frightened, but also emboldened by Uncle Jim's wink)—W'y, yes. Ain't it all right?

Mrs. Skinner—Willie Skinner, you're getting too old to play innocent. You knew that wasn't in the piece.

Willie—Uncle Jim said it was.

Mrs. Skinner—Well, it seems to me your Uncle Jim is all the time trying to get you into trouble. I should think you'd find him out after awhile.

Uncle Jim—Why, there's nothing bad in what he said. It was just a little variation on the old verse.

Mr. Skinner (trying to keep a straight face)—What did your teacher say, Willie?

Willie (encouraged by his father's mirth)—Oh, gee! She was hot under the collar!

Mrs. Skinner—Willie Skinner, where do you learn such language?

Uncle Jim—What did she do?

Willie—Aw, she just stopped me and made me go back to my seat, an' said next time she'd send me home.

Mrs. Skinner—If I'd been your teacher I'd have whipped you good.

Willie—Ho! Ho-ho! That just shows all what you know. Teacher can't whip kids any more. Any teacher that whips a kid gets fired—that's what Ed McCarthy says.

Mrs. Skinner—Well, Ed McCarthy needs a whipping if any boy ever did.

Mr. Skinner—It's a good thing for you that you haven't got my old teacher. If you tried one of those funny recitations on him he would have tanned your jacket.

Willie—Huh! I'd like to see some teacher lick me!

Mrs. Skinner—I wish sometimes that teachers could inflict punishment. I know if I was a teacher I'd whip those McCarthy boys if I lost my job the next day.

Ethel—When we're bad in our room the teacher sends us home.

Mrs. Skinner—That must be terrible punishment for some children.

Uncle Jim—I'll bet Bill would hate to be sent home one of these pleasant afternoons.

Willie—Aw, I wouldn't care.

Uncle Jim—Would you come right home?

Willie—Aw-w-w! One day last summer Ed McCarthy kep' on throwin' paper wads so the teacher would send him out, 'cuz he wanted to see a ball game, an' I guess she was on to him, for she didn't send him home at all. She put him in the corner and made him stay after school, an' then all us kids waited to holler at him when he came out, an' he was so mad he ran after Bob Ellsworth an' elbugged him right in the stomach an'—

Mrs. Skinner—Willie, you'd better eat your dinner. You can finish that some other time.

Uncle Jim—Who is your teacher now?

Willie—Aw, it's ol' Miss Sanders.

Mrs. Skinner—Willie! Don't let me hear you speak in that manner of your teacher again. Do you hear?

Willie—I guess if you had to go to school to her every day you wouldn't be so stuck on her.

Mrs. Skinner—Never mind talking back. If you have anything to say about her, call her Miss Sanders.

Uncle Jim—Do you love your teacher?

Willie—Aw, keep still.

Uncle Jim—Why, every little boy ought to love his teacher. Ethel loves her teacher, don't you, Ethel?

Ethel—I liked her the first day.

Willie—Oh, gee! You can do anything you want to the first day. We thought Miss Sanders was a dandy when she first come, but she's got so cross now us kids can't do a thing.

Mrs. Skinner—No wonder. You boys would spoil the temper of a saint. It's bad enough to take care of one. I don't know what I'd do if I had 20 on my hands.

Uncle Jim—You'd do what Miss Sanders does. You'd put up with them as long as you could and then send them home.

Mrs. Skinner—Well, I'd get even with those McCarthy boys. I'm sure Willie would never have got to reading those cowboy stories if it hadn't been for them.

Uncle Jim—Probably Mrs. McCarthy thinks it was Willie that led her boys astray.

Mrs. Skinner—Indeed! I don't see what reason she has to think anything like that. Willie behaves himself very well when he keeps away from those boys. They are always getting him into some trouble.

Mr. Skinner—I'm afraid they don't have to pull at him very hard.—Chicago Record.

**Romance and Real Life.**  
"Many a gal," said Uncle Eben, "is dazzled by de shine on er young man's collars an' cuffs without realizin' tell it's too late dat de gloss means jes' dat much mo' trouble foh de women-folks on ironin' days."—Cleveland Leader.

## WOMAN AND HOME.

### BIG HOTEL FOR WOMEN.

A Greatly Needed and Practical Philanthropic Scheme.

There are thousands of self-supporting working women in every large city in the United States. In New York alone there are 70,000 professional women, 200,000 working girls and 9,700 students in art schools, conservatories and colleges. These women, with the exception of the very few thousands who live with friends or relatives, find their only substitute for homes in second-rate boarding-houses. The average working girl finds the only solution of the home problem in the hall bedroom.

Since the advent of the professional woman on the city's horizon, philanthropic men and women have been striving to make room for her and find her a comfortable abiding place.

In Chicago, San Francisco and Denver this has been achieved in a modest way, but nothing adequate to the needs of New York has been suggested or in any way brought before the public until Mrs. Dunlop Hopkins conceived the idea of erecting a series of buildings, handsome, spacious, comfortable and practical, adapted to the requirements of the working women of New York.

Designs for the first four of the series, the Business Woman's hotel, the Art Students' home, the Clubhouse and the model tenement, are already completed. It is calculated that at least two, if not the entire series, will be well under way early in the spring.

The architects for this scheme of women's buildings, which is the most elaborate in the United States, if not in the world, are Miss Mary Gannon and Miss Alice Hands, partners, friends and former pupils of the New York school of applied design. The faithful work, tireless energy, enthusiasm and artistic skill which these young women have brought to bear upon their work in the past year alone is something colossal.

The work throughout, in architectural style and artistic interior finish, is on the largest scale that has ever been undertaken by women architects in any country. From its inception the plan has been entirely in the hands of women—women working for women.

"The crying need of the hour," Mrs. Hopkins said, in speaking of this vast scheme to a New York Journal reporter, "is the providing of a proper home for the hosts of working women that are filling up our cities. Not one home or building, but many of them.

"When I decided to put into operation the plan for a home or hotel for art stu-



WOMAN'S HOTEL FOR NEW YORK.

dents I took all my ideas and sketches and submitted them to the students at the league. It was not a question of what I wanted, or what Mrs. Fred Vanderbilt might think sensible, or Mr. Gilder might approve. We might all make good suggestions, but art students are to live in the building, and I want it to be adapted to the needs, and, so far as possible, wishes of the women who are to occupy it.

"In the same manner I consulted business women about a Business Woman's hotel. I talked with professional women, with lawyers, journalists and teachers, and modeled the design of an apartment house and hotel for them on their own views of what was most practical and desirable."

How much such a building as the Business Woman's hotel is needed in New York will be understood by any woman who has ever attempted without an escort to get a night's lodging at any respectable hotel in the city. It is an unwritten law that no woman shall be received unattended, not only in the hotels, but in the first-class boarding houses as well.

It sounds outrageous, does it not? But this custom prevails not only in New York, but to a certain extent in Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago.

If the Business Woman's hotel successfully copes with this one unmitigated evil in the life of the business woman, as it assuredly will, it will have vindicated its right to existence.

Renaissance is the style of architecture suggested for the main body of the building, with an indication of the Greek in the pillars and portico of the two lower stories. The exterior of the hotel, although somewhat resembling the club building, in reality will differ from it in every detail of interior design and construction, aiming, as it does, to meet the demand of the thousands of professional women desiring to limit expenses and to gain comfortable and respectable surroundings for the least expenditure of money. The Club building will rather aspire to the patronage of the

more luxurious class, who are willing to pay lavishly for rich surroundings and the conveniences afforded in the more sumptuous building.

The Business Woman's hotel will be divided into a series of small apartments and single rooms. The single rooms will be arranged in groups of six, with one parlor and bath for each group. This arrangement enables each girl to have her "private" parlor one night in the week, and to have a pleasant place for reunion on Sundays. Smaller apartments, of one or two bedrooms, parlor and bath, are planned for the woman with a larger weekly stipend.

The question of the latch key, which as a destroyer of working women's "homes" has proved more disastrous than fire or water, will not be broached in any of the series of buildings designed by Mrs. Hopkins. "Working women," she declared, "need less, not more, restrictions than other women."

### NOVEL LAMP SHADE.

Just the Thing for the Work Table of a Literary Man.

Writing tables are furnished with interesting things rather than costly ones. A lamp shade into which are set portraits of friends, a candle stick that is a reminder of a trip to the woods and a sealing-wax lamp that tells a tale of a distant journey; these are the entertaining things one sees upon a literary table.

A table, equipped for a man who reads and writes evenings at home, had



ON A LITERARY TABLE.

In the center a lamp whose shade was octagon. Each side was covered with silk. Upon each was the picture of a fair friend, framed in frills of coral paper.

The candle stick was the epidermis of an adder—a real adder purchased from an Indian and mounted in silver. The neatest thing on the table was a small Delft lamp painted in sea scenes. It stood upon a tray with sealing wax and seals.

The color scheme of the table was bright coral, relieved by touches of Delft blue.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### COOKING SMALL FISH.

Mrs. Rorer Tells How to Best Prepare Them for the Table.

In the Ladies' Home Journal Mrs. S. T. Rorer, in telling how to fry the small fish, quotes the old saying: "Small fish should swim twice—once in water and once in oil." "Smelts, trout, whitebait, perch and catfish," she says, "are, perhaps, more palatable fried than broiled. Small fish may be stripped—that is, the intestines may be pushed out under the gills, so that the fish may retain their shape. Wash and dry, then dust with salt and pepper, dip in egg and roll in breadcrumbs, or they may be rolled in cornmeal. Have ready a good-sized pan with sufficient oil to cover. Put the fish in a frying basket, then into the oil at a temperature of 300 degrees Fahrenheit, and cook for about five minutes. Drain on brown paper and serve. Where a small quantity of fat is used, and the fish cooked on one side and then turned and cooked on the other, the method is really not frying—it is sauteing; the result is much more indigestible than real frying. Catfish are frequently fried in this way without being dipped in crumbs. Sunfish may be rolled in flour or cornmeal and carefully fried in dripping, oil or lard. A mixture of dripping and lard makes a better frying material than lard alone. A pure vegetable oil is freer from danger of disease germs than either. Never use butter for frying fish; it boils at a low temperature, consequently burns quickly; the butyric acid softens the fiber of the fish, destroys the flavor, and causes it to become soft as soon as taken from the pan."

### Oranges Salted Like Hams.

In order to insure the proper preservation of oranges and lemons, these fruits are salted in Italy as hams are here, although the process is slightly different. The fruit is culled while still green and carefully examined. Those found flawless are placed into salt water, where they are left for from three to eight days, according to their state of maturity. They are then put away on shelves to dry and rest. Before being used they are placed into fresh water until the taste of salt is entirely gone. This treatment preserves the fruit with all its succulent and aromatic qualities.

## APPEAL TO WOMEN.

Queen Olga Asks Help of Christian Mothers of the New World.

New York, April 22.—The following appeal has been issued by the Union of Greek Women under the presidency of her majesty, Queen Olga and Crown Princess Sophia:

To the women of the old and new world, Christian mothers, sisters and wives, workers for civilization and progress, guardians of love and justice, greeting:

Christian mothers, sisters, wives, civilized like you, earnestly appeal for your help. Our sons, our brothers and husbands fighting for the cross are being killed and wounded in the sacred cause. Their blood stains the last page of the history of the 19th century, the history of civilization and progress, of which you are the promoters.

Christian women, do not share the responsibility of your diplomats. Arouse in the hearts of your husbands and sons more Christian and more equitable sentiments. Unite and your just protest will re-echo in the hearts of the nations and the people. Prove by your energy and Christian work that the women, the true missionaries of right with the gospel of love and justice in their hearts, range themselves on the side of the wronged. HENRI GUYA, President of the Union.

The appeal was promulgated immediately on its arrival here from Athens. Donations for the fund of the Union of Greek Women who have in charge the Greek Red Cross, can be forwarded direct to her majesty, Queen Olga, of Greece, at Athens, or to the president of the union, Madame Helen Griva, Athens, or to Solon J. Vlasto, editor of Atlantis, 2 Stone street, New York, who has been authorized to collect funds and organize committees throughout the United States.

### ENORMOUS FLOOD LOSSES.

Devastation Wrought by the Mississippi Overflow Is Appalling to Contemplate.

WASHINGTON, April 22.—The agricultural department has issued a statement concerning the overflowed districts along the Mississippi. It shows that the total area submerged at this date is over 20,000 square miles. It contained at the last census 49,935 farms, with a total area of 4,904,466 acres, nearly one-half of which, was improved, and a total population, agricultural and other, of 462,041. If, to the value of its farms, farm buildings and farm machinery, according to the census of 1890, there be added the value of its live stock on January 1 last (\$9,174,636), and of its products of last season still on hand on March 1 last (\$4,595,179), the total of \$90,176,177 will represent the approximate value of the agricultural property of the submerged region. Among the products of this region last year were 466,056 bales of cotton, worth \$16,312,060; 12,525,645 bushels of corn, worth \$3,995,278, and 9,033,878 pounds of sugar, worth \$271,016. The total production, including minor crops, represents a value of \$21,782,180 on the plantation.

### TO ENJOIN M'NALL.

Insurance Companies Shut Out of Kansas Adopt a New Plan of Procedure.

TOPEKA, Kan., April 22.—The associated insurance companies that have been shut out of the state by the actions and rulings of Insurance Commissioner McNall will file a new suit in the federal court, raising some interesting points in this famous litigation. The main question and contention of the new suit is the claim that the business of the companies, transacted from their offices in the east, with the insured parties in Kansas, is interstate commerce and, as such, does not come within the rulings of the insurance commissioner. The federal court will be asked to rule on that question, and an injunction against the insurance commissioner will be asked for, pending the final decision. If the court rules that the business of life insurance is commerce, the whole matter will be closed and the action of the commissioner will fall flat and cease at once.

### DARING UTAH ROBBERY.

Two Men Hold Up a Paymaster and Relieve Him of \$7,800.

SALT LAKE CITY, April 22.—A daring robbery took place at noon at Castle Gate, Utah, on the line of the Rio Grande Western railway. E. L. Carpenter, of this city, paymaster of the Pleasant Valley Coal Co., went down with \$7,800 to pay off the men at the mine. When he reached Castle Gate and was going over to the company's office he was met by two mounted men, heavily armed, who held him up, relieved him of his cash and then rode off in the direction of Helper. The men cut the telegraph wires to prevent a call for assistance.

### KILLED HIS FATHER.

Clinton Hawk Becomes Enraged at Seeing His Parent in a Disreputable House.

TOLEDO, O., April 22.—Frank Hawk, Tollen, Watkins and Jack Sage, of Lima, O., were shot by Clinton Hawk, the son of Frank Hawk. The two men were sitting on the doorstep of the house of Fannie Watkins, a notorious character. The son came up, and, seeing his father there, drew a revolver and shot five times. His father was struck in the side and is mortally wounded. Miss Watkins was shot in the head and is in a serious condition. Sage was shot through the hand. Young Hawk gave himself up.

### DR. HUNTER GIVES UP.

Formally Withdraws as the Republican Senatorial Nominee from Kentucky.

FRANKFORT, Ky., April 22.—At a caucus called at his request for the purpose, Dr. Hunter last night withdrew from the senatorial race. He immediately afterward left for Washington, with his wife. Before leaving he let it be understood that he desired that Deboe be the nominee in his place and that his friends support him.